

A HERO IN BUCKSKIN.

SAM HOUSTON, THE TEXAN PIONEER, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

A Border Boy's Rude Life, a Young Man's Tragic Career in War and Public Affairs, and a Veteran's Splendid Achievements Founding a State.

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OSTON indulged a pet folly in the council hall that contrasted strongly with the simple, direct nature of the man. While general of an army of patriot volunteers battling for political freedom or president of a republic of democratic citizens, he was striving to win a place among civilized nations, he clad himself in a buckskin hunting shirt, knee breeches and leggings, adding on occasions an Indian blanket. Napoleon held that a hero should be permitted one folly without being judged by it; much more, then, Houston, who came honestly into buckskin, and wore it with the air of one to the manner born.

Sam Houston was not a creature of accident affecting a strange way in order to suit his environment. The Scotch-Irish blood in his veins was just the heritage needed for the role to be played—that of a fighter in the war against rude nature, against battled enemies and against political evils. His father was a soldier of the Revolution and died when the son was a lad of 14. The boy's education was snatched up during breathing spells from hard farmwork. If he finished his stint in time, he was permitted to run to the wayside schoolhouse for spelling, which was the closing exercise of the day.

Major Houston's death in 1807 compelled the family to abandon Virginia and make a new home in the wilderness of east Tennessee. The emigration was followed by a chain of circumstances that doubtless changed Sam Houston's whole life. He got possession of some classical works of imagination, among them Pope's "Hud" which he learned by heart. He also attended an academy and acquired ambition to study ancient languages. His teacher opposed the idea, and the boy quit school, declaring that he would never recite a lesson in any other study so long as he lived.

His elder brothers began at this most unfitting time to manage and dominate the boy's fortune and finally compelled him to engage as a store clerk. He served long enough to prove to himself that the life was not to his taste, then suddenly disappeared from the country. His brothers hunted him up and found him with a wild Indian tribe beyond the Tennessee river. He desired to be let alone and said that he preferred "measuring deer tracks to tape and liked the wild liberty of the red men better than the tyranny of his brothers, and if he could not study Latin in the academy he could at least read translations from the Greek in the woods and read them in peace."

If the future general did not read Greek history to some purpose in his forest exile, then he was a genius of the first order. His tactics at the battle of San Jacinto, which made Texas a nation, were precisely those of the great Miltiades at Marathon. Even the council of war held on the eve of Marathon, which decided against attack, and whose advice Miltiades ignored, and won a marvelous victory, was repeated on the eve of San Jacinto, and General Houston turned his back on its judgment with the confidence of a trained commander. Surely if he had never read of Marathon, then soldiers are born, not made, for Miltiades was a brilliant soldier of Athens when he fought the battle which changed the course of the ancient western world.

Houston lived among the Indians the adopted son of a chief until he was 18. His conduct toward the savages had been humane and philanthropic, and his sentiment ran him into debt at his old home. In order to pay up he returned and opened a school. About that time the recruiting sergeant for the war of 1812 marched through the village with life and drum. Sam Houston was the first to enlist, at which the wiseacres said, "I told you so," for it was a common saying that he would disgrace himself somehow, and his relatives lifted up their hands and rolled their eyes in supreme disgust, that he should go as a common soldier. Then Houston, out of patience at last, made his first speech. "And what," said he, "have you craven souls to say about the ranks? I would much sooner honor the ranks than disgrace an appointment. You don't know me now, but you shall hear of me."

Army life was another great circumstance in Houston's development. He became the best drilled man in the regiment and before going into a battle had won promotion step by step to ensign. He was 6 feet tall, straight as an arrow and a splendid looking soldier. His first battle was at the Horseshoe, where Jackson's Tennesseeans punished the Creek Indians. Ensign Houston scaled the rude Indian palisade with his comrades, and just as he leaped down into the enclosure with drawn sword a barbed arrow sunk deep in his thigh. He tried in vain to draw it out and asked a comrade to make an attempt. The latter made two torturing efforts and failed. Then Houston, with his sword up lifted, called out, "Try again, and if you fail I'll strike you to the north." The arrow came out, followed by a stream of blood.

While he was having the wound bandaged General Jackson saw him and ordered the surgeons to remove him to the rear. But Houston begged to be allowed to see the fight through and rejoined his company. The Indians clung to a detached palisade from which they could not be dislodged, and Jackson called for a forlorn hope to storm the place. No man was given, and not a man stirred. Waiting a suitable time for his captain to act, Houston ordered his platoon forward, stepped in front and asked the men to follow him. The soldiers hesitated, and their leader seized a musket from one of them and brandishing it started toward the palisade. He advanced to within five yards of the portholes, which were bristling with arrows and rifle barrels, and raised his hand to fire as a signal for his men to do the same when he was struck by two rifle balls in his shoulder. He continued to animate his men until he sank exhausted to the ground. His heroism at the Horseshoe was the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Jackson. The surgeons despaired of his life, but he traveled to east Tennessee on a litter and reached home a mere skeleton.



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

As a boy, his mother alone recognized him and that by a peculiar feature about his eyes. Two bullet holes and an arrow wound punctured while charging the works of hostilities constituted good capital for any western young man in those times, even if he hadn't much else. But Sam Houston had in him something his fellow citizens would call "a hoop more" for a start in life. Added to the aggressive nature born in him, he had progressive ideas. At the end of the war he resigned his commission, which was in the regular army, and began to study law. His instructor told him to prepare for an 18 months' siege of Blackstone, but at the end of six months he was admitted to the bar at Nashville. He was soon elected district attorney and appointed adjutant general of the state. At the age of 28 he was chosen major general of a division, at 30 he entered congress and at 33 was governor of Tennessee.

Then followed another circumstance affecting his future career. He married into an estimable Tennessee family and within three months was separated from his wife without any explanation whatsoever. Under the stress of public condemnation for this act he resigned the governorship and quietly made his way to his old Indian haunts, to the wigwam of his adopted father, Oloheka, king of the Chickasaws in Arkansas. Houston at once championed the red men and in redressing their wrongs came into collision with a congressman. He was arrested, tried at Washington and acquitted. Passing through Tennessee he met with an evasion, but he pressed on and joined the Texas colony of Austin at San Felipe. He was urged to make Texas his home and to enter a convention that was soon to meet and deliberate upon Texas affairs. He did so, and from that time until the outbreak of the civil war he was the dominant soul of Texas.

During the exciting days of revolution his voice was for moderation and for peace until the enemy struck; then his hand was outstretched for war. He was appointed commander in chief and put on a general's trappings and sword over his fringed buckskin garb. His voice swayed the council of state, the feather of his sombrero was another plume of Navarre to rally and inspire the soldiers, his sword error to Mexican minions and to white and Indian renegades who ravaged the border. The Alamo horror came and paralyzed all hearts. Houston, with impassioned eloquence, implored the council to sit calmly in deliberation and make laws to found a state and he would settle accounts with the Mexicans. He gathered up 700 men, headed off Santa Anna's center column of over 1,800, formed his lines and addressed his soldiers, bidding them to go into battle on the morrow with the cry, "Remember the Alamo!" They then slept. He said to his colleagues, "I will tomorrow conquer, slaughter and put to flight the entire Mexican army, and it shall not cost me a dozen of my brave men."

He kept his word, and on the field of San Jacinto a new nation was born April 30, 1836. After it was all over, the Mexicans driven beyond the Rio Grande and Texas enrolled among the powers of the earth, Houston was made president of the republic by acclamation and delivered up his sword. A new era was before him, and he added to his well earned titles of pioneer and soldier that of statesman. A brilliant example of physical and moral courage, united with diplomacy, was given in the crisis brought about by the necessity for disbanding the army. There were no funds for an establishment and no need for one. The war was over and the ranks filled with clamorous adventurers, many of whom had never fired a gun for Texas. They demanded pay, and certain turbulent spirits proposed to march to the capital, overthrow the council, assassinate the leaders and set up as a Pretorian guard. Houston was keen eyed and learned of the bold programme. Without consulting any one he quietly ordered various companies of men to be sent to separate points and furloughed indefinitely, subject to call to arms by proclamation. Once scattered and free, the men were of a kind not to sigh for freedom and left the state never to return. When armies were raised, new blood had come to Texas, and she had no lack of men to bear arms in lawful war.

Houston was twice elected president of the Texas republic. He favored annexation and was one of the two senators first chosen to the United States senate from the Lone Star State. He died in the midst of the civil war, and to the last was the sworn friend and champion of the red men who first won him to the life of a borderer. GEORGE L. KILMER.

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Where Hawthorne Lived and Wrote. In the village of Concord, where lived Emerson and Thoreau and the other immortals of the coterie which has made the old town famous, there still stands, exactly as he left it, the house in which Hawthorne lived and wrote. It is a wooden house, with many gables and a veranda painted outside in a yellowish tint. In front and at the sides is a small garden with green palings, and at the back a low, steep hill, like a cliff, where grow the laurels brought from England. Within there is the stiff and formal parlor, the dining room, with its old fashioned fireplace, the library and two small rooms filled with bookcases. Up stairs in a kind of wooden tower is his study, the desk, the chair, the rack for papers, all as he left it, and his motto over the door, "All care abandon ye who enter here."—New York Sun.

Circumstances Alter Cases. Steal a chicken, and you are a thief. Steal \$1,000 from your employer, and you are an embezzler. Steal \$5,000 from the government, and you are a defaulter. Steal your competitor on the Stock Exchange of \$10,000, and you are a financier. Rob him of \$100,000 to \$500,000, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance. Wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are an embezzler. Wreck a great railroad system, and you are a "railroad king." Conduct a negotiation by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly "the times are out of joint."—Religious Herald.

Not Superstitious. Of a certain literary man, who disdains the trammels of style, the story was lately told that he once offered to an editor a piece of verse in hexameters. The editor read it over and remarked, "This is very good, but I shouldn't think you'd want to have these three or four lines with 13 syllables in them." "Oh, I don't care about those," said the poet. "I'm not superstitious."—Argonaut.

"The rest nowhere," a vigorous bit of exaggeration in popular use at the race tracks the world over, was first uttered by a sporting Irishman, Captain O'Kelly, at Epsom, May 1, 1789, when Edgell distanced the field. "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," was the captain's terse description of the race.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Courtship, Engagement and Surprises Followed Each Other in Rapid Succession. In a cozy little parlor in a World's fair hotel they sat together—he and she. "Mrs. Chickwell," he began, "may I ask your first name?" "Amy," softly answered the charming young widow. "Amy! Lovely name!" he rejoined, taking her hand. "It seems as if I had known you an age."

"It has been at least three days and a half," she murmured dreamily. "Haven't we had abundant opportunity to get acquainted? Haven't we walked together the whole length of the Manufactures building? Have we not been?" "But, Mr. Spatchley, think of it!" "Call me Harry," he pleaded, possessing himself of her other hand.

"Well, Harry, if you only knew!" "I don't want to know, dearest. My heart tells me all I want to know. In my faraway California home I have often dreamed of a time like this, when—" "California? And my home is in New England?"

"It wouldn't make any difference to me if you came from New Zealand!" "But, Harry?" "Know what you are going to say. 'This is sudden.' It isn't sudden. I've waited more than three whole days, and my mind was made up the minute I saw you! Don't turn your head away, dear, I!"

"I have a little surprise for you, Amy," said the enraptured young man half an hour later, in some embarrassment. "Excuse me a moment." He went out of the room and returned presently accompanied by a stout old lady with a determined expression of countenance.

"My dear," he said, "this is my mother. She—er—will live with us, you know." "So glad! And I have a little surprise for you, too, Harry."

She left the room and returned in a moment with five fair haired little girls, apparently ranging in age from 3 to 13. "These are my little darlings, Harry," she whispered. "I'll give them to you. Ponsie, Rachel and Melitah, kiss the gentleman. He is to be your new papa."—Chicago Tribune.

Dancing and Art. It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it may seem a kind of sacrifice to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But in truth the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts. For light upon the problems of human culture we naturally appeal to the anthropologist.

"Dancing," says Tyler, "may seem to us modern trivial and unimportant, but in the infancy of civilization it was full of passionate and solemn meaning. Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, whose sluggish temper few other excitements can stir, rouse themselves at their moonlight gatherings, when, rattle in hand, they stamp in one-two-three round the great earthen pot of intoxicating kavi liquor, or men and women dancing a rude, courting dance, advancing in lines with a kind of primitive polka step, or the ferocious war dance is performed by armed warriors in paint, marching in ranks hither and thither with a growling chant terrible to hear."

Tyler proceeds to describe the dance of the Australians and the buffalo dance of the Mandan Indians, who, wearing masks to mark their impersonations, with rude songs and pantomimic gestures, enact their incidents of an imaginary hunt. And then he adds: "All this explains how in ancient religions dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance in the Egyptian temples, and Plato said that all dancing ought to be thus an act of religion."—Popular Science Monthly.

Ingenious Brushmaking Machine. Hitherto the process in brushmaking of bunching the bristles and drawing them into the holes has been performed by hand. A machine of peculiar ingenuity has just been invented for this purpose, the bristles being contained in a hopper, where they rest horizontally at right angles on the top of a disk, which by means of a treadle is caused to partially rotate, first in one direction and then in the other. The disk has a notch formed in its periphery, and as the notch passes under the bristles some of them enter into the notch; before the disk rotates, a plate disengages the bristles and closes the mouth of the notch, the disk then comes back and carries away the tuft of bristles retained in the notch to a position from which it can readily be taken by the fingers of the operative.

The whole arrangement is that of a pecker or gripper and can be regulated according to the quantity of the material required to fill the hole, the operative passing the wire through the hole by means of a special needle fitted to a clamp which is held in the right hand, the loop being automatically formed. Into this loop the operator passes the tuft of bristles, pulls the wire and thus draws the bristles into the hole.—New York Sun.

A Strange Bosnian Superstition. At Bracka, in Bosnia, an old superstition has come to life again which resembles the fables of Jewish ritual murders. In Bosnia the people have believed at all times that a bridge could not be firm and lasting unless a human being was walked up in it. There there is a legend connected with the handsome Roman bridge at Mostar which says that the fine arch across the Neretva could not be finished until the architect walked up in it a bridal pair. Now that a solid bridge is being built across the Save at Bracka this superstition is revived. It is rumored everywhere that gypsies are stealing children to sell them to the contractors, who walk one up in each pillar. A few days ago there was a regular pursuit of some unlucky gypsies, of whom it had been said that they were raiding for children.—London Daily News.

Feeling the Servants. The custom of feeling the servants upon one's departure from a friend's house appears to be in questionable taste, but it has become almost universal, and a principle must sometimes make concessions to popularity where the matter does not involve a question of serious right and wrong. In England an omission of this custom would be regarded as an evidence either of parsimony or of ignorance, and we are such an imitative race that we eventually follow whatever we know or imagine to be the usages of polite society in the "mother country."—Ladies' Home Journal.

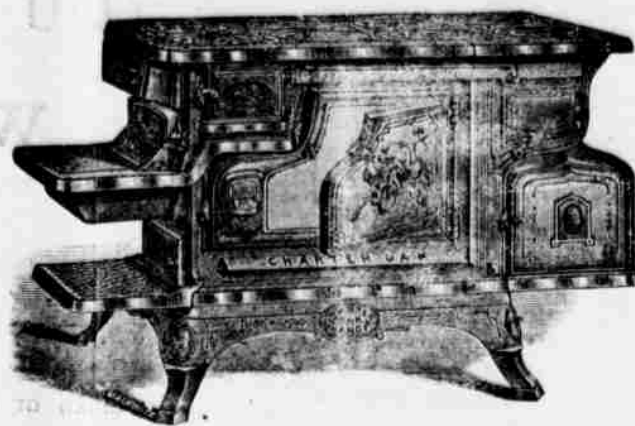
Probably very few persons know that the lord mayor is the only person—other than the queen and the constable—who knows the password to the Tower of London. The password is sent to the mansion house quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is a survival of an old custom.

London has a big appetite. It devours every year over 400,000 oxen, 1,000,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and consumes 9,800,000 gallons of milk.

There is a haunted tree at North Searport, Me., which shelters a spot where murder had been committed. Moss has formed the initials "W. B." on the bark.

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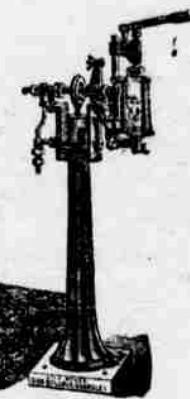
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